

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London
February 14, 1945



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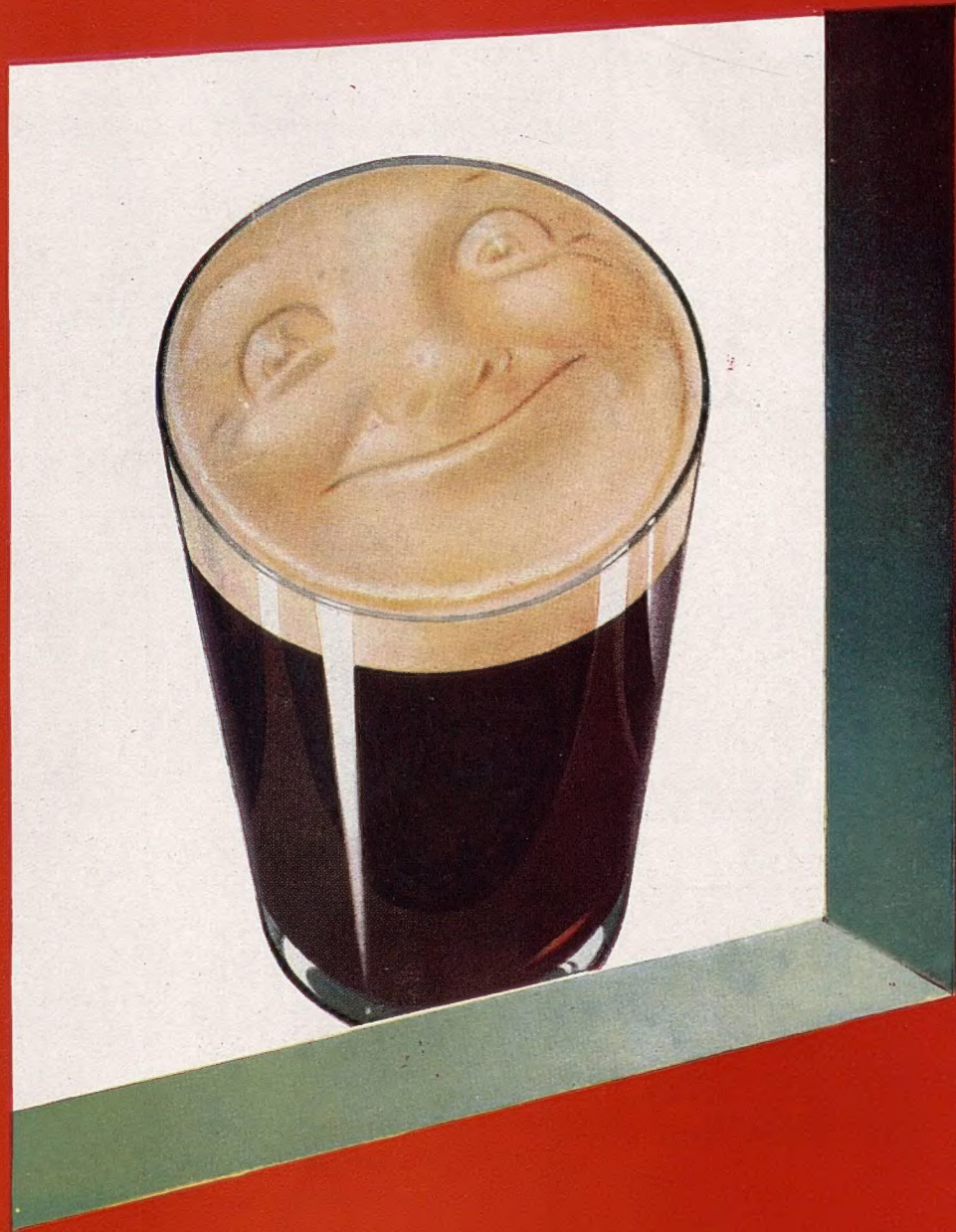
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Hay Wrightson

The Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, D.B.E.

Lady Elgin, photographed in Red Cross uniform, is the wife of the 10th Earl of Elgin, K.T., C.M.G., T.D. She is the only daughter of Lord Cochrane of Cults, and a granddaughter of the 6th Earl of Glasgow. The Elgins' home is Broomhall, Dunfermline, Fife, where they have a model farm and a fine herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle. Lord Elgin, who has been H.M. Lieutenant of the County of Fife since 1935, was President of the Empire Exhibition (Scotland) in 1938, when Lady Elgin received the D.B.E. for her work as chairman of the women's section. He is a Family Trustee of the British Museum, where are housed the famous Elgin Marbles, collected by his ancestor, Thomas, seventh Lord Elgin, one-time Ambassador in Constantinople. Lord and Lady Elgin have three sons and three daughters, the eldest son, Lord Bruce, is serving in the Scots Guards



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

WILL the battle of Berlin, when it is won by the Allies, be the end of organized German resistance in this European war? This is the question which the experts are finding it difficult to answer. There is not much support for the idea that the Germans can suddenly retreat to Bavaria and Austria to continue the struggle. The fact is that the Germans are without sufficient reserves to carry out such a movement, although the Nazi leaders in their desperation are dreaming again the old Teutonic legends. Berlin, therefore, is the key to the situation now that the Russians have crossed the Oder.

The only hope for the Germans is for their High Command to launch an effective series of counter blows. If the Germans cannot do this, their position will become hopeless. The High Command will have to inform Hitler that it is impossible to maintain effective organized resistance as at any moment the American and British forces will be pouring into Germany. In the last few days the Germans have become increasingly apprehensive in their propaganda to their own people about the imminence of a terrific onslaught from the west. Reports from the Western Front indicate that the Germans have taken what precautions they can, but there is nothing more certain than that Germany's vulnerability in a war on two fronts is now about to be tested.

Capital

BERLIN has been captured several times in history. Indeed, in their warring record the Germans have suffered very severely indeed from enemy occupation. There is an impression abroad, in some quarters, not all, that it is only in this war that they have been compelled to taste their own medicine. It is true that in the last war they managed to avoid the consequences of invasion. But the lands of Silesia, of Brandenburg and of Bavaria, too, have known the heel of the oppressor, the devastation of war, the poverty of lost trade, the ruination of agriculture. All these things have happened to Germany in the centuries that have passed. This is why Hitler and his henchmen can call on the German people to suffer again. They can do it without any pangs.

The German people have acquired their docility from the experience of history. This is why the spokesman of the German High Command, General Dittmar, was able to say to the German people as the Russians poured over the Oder, "All we suffer now is nothing to the fate which waits for us once we lay down our arms." But, according to General Dittmar, it would be better for the German people to continue the fight even without any hope of success. To surrender without conditions would only mean terror without end. If the Germans even in their docility could only have realized the necessity of avoiding dictatorship by an oligarchy, whether Nazi or Prussian, it is conceivable that Dittmar would not have been able to talk to them like that.

Germany has allowed one tyrant after another to rule her. The present tyrant, Hitler, still imagines that he can emulate the achievements of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years War. The Russians were overrunning Silesia and the French were advancing

from the west. Berlin had been captured. Yet Frederick the Great was able to organize a series of strokes, diplomatic as well as military, which eventually saved him from defeat. Frederick the Great was able to retain Silesia, the seizure of which started the Seven Years War. But Hitler has no friends to whom he can turn. There is no diplomatic trick he can play in his dire extremity. From Spain General Franco's propagandists voice their anxiety about the coming Bolshevization of Europe, and they would like to see everybody in Europe running to the side of Germany to stop the onrush of the Russians. But the Spaniards are not prepared to do anything about it. Their position is certainly much worse than Hitler's, for they have no military



New Head of Transport Command

Air Marshal Sir Ralph Cochrane, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., who succeeds Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill as A.O.C.-in-C. Transport Command, has been A.O. commanding various Bomber Command groups since 1942

might. I am prepared to believe that the Germans have not yet lost all their military power. I am prepared to believe that they may yet have some surprises for us. But I am certain that whatever their power and whatever surprise they may have, the Germans cannot possess the might to turn the situation to their advantage as did Frederick the Great. It is useless for Hitler to live in a world of the past.

Plan

OBVIOUSLY the German High Command would like to hold Berlin as long as possible. It is a symbol. Its loss must have a great effect on the morale of the German people. Above all, the defence of the capital might win time. Time is what the Germans want. Time to organize resistance in Bavaria and Austria, when the capital has fallen. I don't believe

that this plan will work. With the fall of Berlin, I believe that we shall see the end of German resistance. All the experience of soldiers in this war, and in the last, has proved that the German is not a guerrilla fighter. He cannot fight unless he is led. He is not an individualist, who will seek to win lone glory in death. If the German leaders are planning on a guerrilla resistance I believe that they are reading history wrongly again, as they now pretend to be living in the age of Frederick the Great. It is a fact, of course, that the only thing to end this war will be a military collapse under Allied pressure. Why should there not be a military collapse? The German soldier has undergone great suffering in this war. Those who survived have seen the fruits of victory and the face of defeat looming ahead. They have only to think of their loved ones at home to know what continued resistance must mean.

As the Allies advance through Germany we can rest assured that the German population will be docile to the Allied soldiery as they have been to their leaders under the Nazi regime. In the days of Nazi domination the civilian population spied on one another, told tales about each other, and sought to win



Far East Sea-Air Chief

Rear-Admiral R. H. Portal became Flag Officer Naval Air Stations (Australia) in December. A brother of Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff, he was himself Assistant Chief of Naval Staff (Air) since January, 1943

favour with their bosses; they will do so again. This time it will be to the Allied leaders that they make their confessions, and give away secrets in order to win favour. How can military morale be maintained under the great pressure of the Allied forces in these circumstances? And I have not taken into account the presence of very large numbers of foreign workers. Men who have been pressed into service and who would now like to go home. Although many of them may have been receiving good wages, they cannot have any affection for Hitler or for Germany.

Host

IF it is true that the Three-Power Conference has been held at some resort in the Black Sea, it means that once again Marshal Stalin has insisted on being host to Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt. When the Russian



A Visit to a Film Studio

Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bouchill, with Squadron Officer Lady Bowhill (extreme right), paid a visit to the studio where the Two Cities' film, "Rendezvous," is being made. He met John Mills, in R.A.F. uniform, as he appears in the film, Mr. Anatole de Grunwald and Mr. Gordon Parry, producer and associate producer. The Air Chief Marshal is relinquishing his post of A.O.C.-in-C. of Transport Command

demonstrates the political sensitiveness of people in Washington. After his re-election for a Fourth Term, it was natural that President Roosevelt should want to make some changes in his Cabinet. It happened that he wished to reward Mr. Henry Wallace for his election services, also for the understanding and temperate way in which he had accepted his rejection as Vice-Presidential candidate at Chicago when the Democratic Party held their Conference last year.

When the President offered him the post of Secretary of Commerce and Chief of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Mr. Wallace accepted. But to make this position available to the former Vice-President, President Roosevelt had to dismiss Mr. Jesse Jones, a businessman of experience. Mr. Jones has not taken his dismissal in the same spirit as Mr. Wallace accepted the rebuff at Chicago. The trouble is that people like Mr. Jesse Jones—Right-wing Conservatives in the business world—are suspicious of Mr. Wallace's policies. They think that they are too Leftist. But Mr. Wallace has a great following throughout the United States, and he is regarded as a possible Democratic nominee at the next Presidential election.

offensive was launched in all its magnitude, it was obvious that Marshal Stalin could not leave Russia. Mr. Churchill would be the first to realize this, for he has seen Marshal Stalin in action at much closer quarters than President Roosevelt. Every detail of every battle is known to Marshal Stalin. All through the day and night he is in touch with his Commanders in the field. At all sorts of hours his telephone rings and he is in touch by direct line with the battlefield. All the vital decisions on strategy are taken by Marshal Stalin. This is a great responsibility and one which he would not neglect, or delegate. But I am told that when Mr. Churchill was last in Moscow Marshal Stalin, in response to the Prime Minister's invitation to visit London, is reported to have said "that is my greatest ambition."

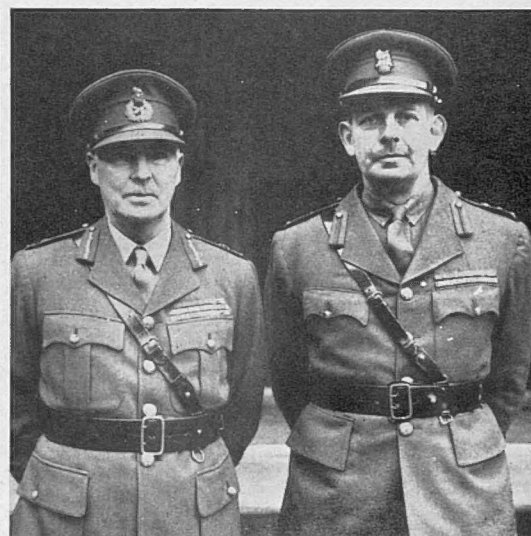
Problems

WAR news has been swept from the front pages more than once in recent days in the United States on account of the dispute which has arisen about the position of Mr. Henry Wallace, formerly Vice-President. This is one of those political problems which are always cropping up for the President. It



Two Air Vice-Marshals, a General and a Brigadier Decorated

Air Vice-Marshal L. O. Brown, from Durban, South Africa, awarded the C.B. in the New Year's Honours, received his award at a recent investiture, as did Air Vice-Marshal A. P. M. Sanders, of Bomber Command, another C.B.



Two more recipients of decorations at Buckingham Palace were General Sir Francis Nosworthy, awarded the K.C.B., and Brigadier Manley James, V.C., who received the D.S.O.



Family Parties at Buckingham Palace for a Recent Investiture

Lieutenant-Colonel B. C. Fletcher went to the investiture at the Palace with his wife and small daughter. They are seen leaving after he had received the D.S.O. from the King. Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher is in the Highland Light Infantry



Major-General Douglas Graham, O.B.E., D.S.O. and Bar, had his two sons, Sub-Lieutenant Alastair Graham and Major Mungo Graham, and his daughter, Heather, to accompany him to the investiture when he was decorated

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Hollywood Papers Please Copy

By James Agate

AT the Hammersmith revival of *Macbeth* I overheard one woman say to another: "Don't tell me the plot, dear, because that would spoil it; all I know is that she murders him." I was reminded of this story when I read that the ushers at the Odeon had instructions not to admit the public during the last five minutes of *The Woman In The Window*, the point being that knowledge of the ending would spoil the enjoyment of the film. I entirely agree. I understand from my old friend Nigel Bruce that the *Tatler* is much read in Hollywood. In this case, International Pictures Inc. will now know that the ending to this film, in the *Tatler's* opinion, is "lame, impotent, jejune and hackneyed." At this point the film-critic of the *Tatler* ventures to say that normally he does not seek corroboration of his opinions. If that eminent film critic, Mr. Jones, likes to agree with him, so much the better; if the equally famous Miss Smith prefers to differ from him, so much the worse. The matter under discussion, however, is one of some importance, if only to prevent other film companies from the equally shameful cutting of a knot into which they have foolishly tied themselves. Wherefore, the *Tatler* critic is pleased to record that on this occasion the *Tatler's* view has been generally reinforced. *The Times* held that "a wholly discredited trick ruins what should have been an exciting climax," while in the *Observer* Miss Lejeune said: "I enjoyed this film right up to the surprise ending, which, as a detective fan of long standing, I denounce as unsporting, evasive, dishonourable, and thoroughly low." My revered Dilys, alas, said nuffin' about the ending, holding possibly that the best expression of contempt is silence. But silence can be misinterpreted, and the wilful stupidity of this picture's ending has been generally received, let me tell International Pictures

Inc., with the very reverse of silence. In fact, it has been the talk of the town.

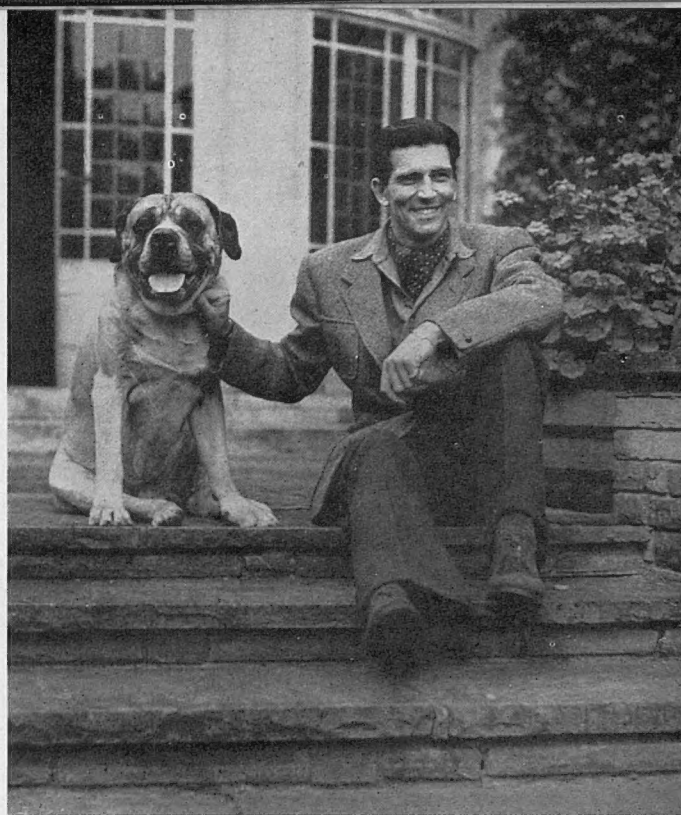
Together Again (Tivoli) is a pleasant and dexterous piece of nonsense of which should not like to relate the plot in detail. The main situation is that a sculptor (Charles Boyer) who for some inconceivable reason wants to marry the nit-wit Lady Mayor of a one-horse town in Vermont (Irene Dunne), explains this to the Mayor's adolescent daughter (Mona Freeman) in such fashion that the ninny thinks he is proposing to her. This causes the ninny to break with her boyfriend (Jerome Courtland), who then fancies that the ninny's mother is casting that eye upon him which Lady Booby cast upon Joseph Andrews. The difficulty is solved by Charles and Irene pretending to the infirmities of age, he having to sit with a shawl round his shoulders to protect him from the draught and she to swallow pills before she can look at food. Whereupon the young people return to their senses.

THIS lighthearted stuff is done with polish by Boyer, of whom I begin to think that I am beginning to see enough. There is a saturation-point in popularity, and the wise actor is he who stops short of it. (There was a time when I didn't think of those mellow accents in terms of a sea-sick 'cello.) Let me give Boyer a word of advice. This is to stick to big pictures and leave the froth of the screen to lesser artists. Irene Dunne gives her usual competent performance in a style which is the unsophisticated equivalent of Lynn Fontanne. But let me tell this young woman that however hard she tries she will never be as funny as her hats. And if a word of advice be permitted, it is that she cannot afford the proximity of a coloured maid so entirely

Charles Coburn finds life and a new hat an intoxicating combination. He appears with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in the film "Together Again." Incidentally, the hat is the innocent cause of a lot of misunderstanding; it is unmistakable on any one's head and gets its owner—not Charles Coburn—into all sorts of trouble.



Together Again is the story of a Lady Mayor, beautiful Anne Crandall (Irene Dunne). Anne, on civic duty in New York, meets sculptor Georg Corday (Charles Boyer). She commissions him on behalf of her home town to complete a statue damaged by lightning. Georg, of course, falls in love with the Lady Mayor, but refuses to share her with civic obligations. Further complications arise when Diana (Mona Freeman), Anne's step-daughter (extreme right above) imagines Georg is in love with her. The film is light-hearted entertainment and gives Irene Dunne the chance to sing again—an Argentine tango this time, known as "Adios Muchachos"



An American Film Star and a British One Spend a Few Hours Off-Duty

American Douglass Montgomery, whose home is in California, has been granted temporary leave of absence from war service in order to appear in an Anglo-American film—"Rendezvous"—which is being produced by Anatole de Grunwald. The film is being directed by Anthony Asquith; and Michael Redgrave, John Mills, Rosamund John and other British stars are taking part in it. Douglass Montgomery had just completed a pretty stiff commando course when he was seconded to the studios. Fortunately, he is an old friend of Bee Lillie's and has been lucky enough to be able to borrow her Park Lane flat while she is in America

British Michael Rennie has come back to films after four years' absence in the R.A.F. from which he was invalided out in 1944. He has been signed up by Gainsborough Studios and has just finished working in one of their latest productions, "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," in which he appears with Margaret Lockwood and Vic Oliver. His next picture is to be "The Wicked Lady," again with Margaret Lockwood. Michael's very handsome companion in the picture above is known as Casanova

charming. There is a nice little performance of the ninny by a young actress new to me; Mona Freeman appears to have something perilously like intelligence, and anyhow is not afraid of making a fool of herself. But the gem of the whole thing is the lanky swain of Jerome Courtland, some six feet high, appealingly plain with the brain of a child of eight and the affectionate sincerity of a spaniel, gauche and awkward to an extent which would have staggered Tchekov's Ephikhodof. Both boy and girl present the perfect picture of America's youth painfully striving to grow up into rational human beings. Finally, there is Charles Coburn as president of the revels, and incidentally Irene's father. I shall not forget him mounting the stairs at the end of the picture, slightly intoxicated, smoking a cigar and wearing Irene's absurdest hat.

The Thin Man Goes Home would be an admirable film if it ran for sixty minutes instead of a hundred. But I belong to the school of thought which holds that it should be possible to finish a detective story between Euston and Crewe. Surely the essence of deduction is that you should be able to keep your facts in mind. Wherefore, I have no use for the now fashionable long detective novel which takes three or four days to read. Which means that on Wednesday you have forgotten what you read on Monday. And then again, I have almost no interest in those histories or films written round the subject of who committed the murder. That is why I have always awarded first prize in crime novels to Francis Hes's *Malice Aforethought* which begins with the magnificent sentence: "It was not until several weeks after he had decided to murder his wife that Dr. Bickleigh took any active steps in the matter."

HOWEVER, these "Thin Man" films work the other way. And it is a matter of common consent that they are successful almost entirely because of the personality and talent

of the two leading players, William Powell and Myrna Loy. The present film begins very well but as the scent gets hotter the interest of the spectator gets lukewarmer and lukewarmer. In the end the murderer turns out to be a person of no interest, while the motive for the murder dates from the time when nations first desired to know the secrets

of other nations' new aeroplane, gun or secret weapon. As against this, William Powell puts in some delightful acting in the Alfred Lunt manner, while Myrna Loy continues to enjoy discomfiture with unconquerable *sang froid*. But I will maintain that the dog Asta gives the best performance, and my heart does not go out easily to the canine in celluloid.



The Thin Man Goes Home—and once again we meet Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) and their inseparable companion, Asta. Nick and Nora go back to Nick's home town of Sycamore Springs for a reunion with his father and mother. While there, Nick is called in to help solve a double murder mystery which turns out to be very much involved with espionage. Nick's technique of allowing the murderer virtually to hang himself has not altered and when the suspects finally start to wrangle amongst themselves, he sits back and has only to wait until the crucial moment to toss in the bombshell and collect the murderer and head espionage agent in one

The Theatre

"See How They Run" (Comedy)

By Horace Horsnell

WHEN you come to think of it, farce is a funny business, the whys and wherefores of which make the riddle of the Sphinx mere child's play. The action of this one passes in a country vicarage, and it should be appraised, I feel, in terms of strains and stresses, rather than of art or letters. It is very strenuous. The characters, mainly clergymen, range from an escaped German prisoner complete with revolver, to a bishop complete with gaiters. And they are kept on the run by a plot that knows its own mind, but neither pity nor decorum. Three of the five clericals, including the bishop, are lawfully in orders; the other two, either at the dictates of mischief or the point of the revolver, wear their rue with a difference.

The chase, upstairs and down, is a hulla-balloo that arises, as so often in parochial affairs, from a very trivial cause: the harvest festival decoration of the pulpit. There are niceties in such matters compared with which the laws of the Medes and Persians seem mere whimsies, and tradition a bagatelle. The vicar's young wife, an ex-actress, had yet to learn and respect them; and when she impulsively decorated the pulpit with chrysanthemums without consulting any one, she not only usurped the prerogative of Miss Pilling, but incurred the enmity of that outraged spinster who neither forgave nor forgot.

So much for the premises which are rather more than less reasonable than usual in farce. Besides, that is not the point. The business of the dramatist and players is to get the audience laughing soon and heartily. This they do successfully. The characters that first appeared in their normal canonicals, regimentals, or mufti, are soon on the run in borrowed or ravished plumes. Episcopal dignity and spinsterial prudery alike are impudently outraged; and only an inveterate misanthrope would be reminded by the mass laughter that ensues of that hard saying about the crackling of thorns under an empty pot.

Here and there, no doubt, an upper lip might be kept professionally stiff, but generally speaking it is laughter, laughter all the way, loud, long, even uproarious. Mr. George Gee leads the run with the zest of a rattling terrier, and the energetic cast do not falter. The pastoral rises to the preposterous. Miss Pilling

ruthless German gives the run a touch of topical excitement. All nonsense, of course, but carried off with disarming efficiency.

"Meet The Navy" (Hippodrome)

THIS excellent revue presented by the Royal Canadian Navy has the virtues you would expect, as well as a quality of its own that is delightfully refreshing. While large in scale, it is consistently intimate. The company of Wrens and Ratings have talent in abundance, and the magnitude of the stars is indisputable. They have a Service discipline, and the choric and dancing ensembles are brilliant. Patriotic flattery is quite uncalled for; the



"See How They Run": Philip King's Farce at the Comedy

Nine members of the cast keep the fun going at a furious pace. They are Irene Handl as Ida, Joan Sanderson as Miss Pilling, Ronald Simpson as the Rev. Lionel Toop, Beryl Mason as Penelope Toop, George Gee as Lance Corporal Clive Widd, Michael Duffield as The Intruder, George Bishop as Bishop of Lax, John Deverell as the Rev. Arthur Humphreys, and James Page as Sergeant Towers

passes from the throes of unaccustomed brandy to the arms of Morpheus and those of each reverend and irreverent gentleman in turn, between quieter siestas in a cupboard; and the

show is first-rate entertainment on its own. Indeed, it would be difficult to find its rival in the big revues of the past.

An outstanding item is the superb singing by Oscar Natzke of a well selected group of sea chanties. This is as notable as moving, just the right length and is calculated to charm even Neptune's ear. Alan and Blanche Lund are dancers famous in Canada and now memorable here. There is good parody of Charles Laughton's Captain Bligh by A. Cameron Grant, admirable Russian melodies by just the right singers, and a medley of turns and quips that would distinguish any show. And over and above the general eclat is the spirit in which it is all presented and received. It is more than merely friendly. It is that of a home-coming of relations, a reunion of kinsmen, and a revelation of Canada to those who hitherto were conscious only of the name.

Sketches by

Tom Tilt



The Royal Canadian Navy Presents "Meet the Navy" at the London Hippodrome

Noel Langley contributes a sketch, "Mutiny on the Bounty." In it Robert Goodier appears as Paymaster Slyme, A. Cameron Grant as Captain Bligh, Lionel Murton as Able Seaman Snugg, and John Pratt as Fletcher Christian

The Boy (Alan Lund) and The Girl (Blanche Lund) dance lightheartedly and expertly in "Our Waltz"



"Brackenwood" is the Harrison Home

Film Family

Rex Harrison and His Wife Lilli Palmer
at Their Country Home

● Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer were married in London in January 1943, soon after their appearance together in *No Time for Comedy*, at the Haymarket Theatre, and they now have a young son, Rex Cary, who is a year old on the 19th of this month. These pictures were taken one week-end recently at their country home at Iver, in Buckinghamshire. Both Rex and Lilli are busy film-making just now. They are playing opposite each other in *The Rake's Progress*, which is "on the floor" at Shepherd's Bush Studios



Lilli Palmer With Her One-Year-Old Son



Script Studying: Mr. and Mrs. Rex Harrison Spend a Quiet Hour

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Investiture

THE recent Investiture which the King held at Buckingham Palace was the first full-size Royal function of the year, and the first Investiture of 1945, and a number of those honoured in the New Year's list were present.

Among them was genial, short-figured Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, who received the high honour of the G.C.B. (Military Division), in recognition of his invaluable work as G.O.C.-in-C. of the A.A. Command, when he headed the men—and the women who joined them later—in the two great battles, first against the Nazi airmen, then against the formidable flying bombs.

There was a goodly sprinkling of young men of title present, most of them to receive well-won battle honours. Lord Cromwell (of the K.R.R.C.) received the D.S.O.; Capt. Lord

Teynham, R.N., received the D.S.C.; and the brothers of two Scots peers, Major the Hon. Simon Ramsay, brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, and Capt. the Hon. Bernard Bruce, brother of the Earl of Elgin, both received the M.C.

Another peer decorated by the King was the Marquis of Normanby, a repatriated wounded prisoner of war, whom the King made an M.B.E. for his great services to blinded British prisoners while in Germany; Viscount Finlay was made a G.C.B.E., and the Earl of Drogheda a K.C.M.G.

War Workers

HER MAJESTY'S nephew and niece, Capt. the Hon. Andrew and the Hon. Miss Margaret Elphinstone, have been staying recently at Buckingham Palace as guests of their aunt. From the Palace, the two young Elphinstones



David Gurney

Lady Honor Llewellyn

The second of the Earl of Lisburne's three daughters was married in 1943 to Capt. Rhydian Llewellyn, M.C., Welsh Guards, brother of Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Bt. Lady Honor Llewellyn works as a draughtswoman in an aircraft factory



Yevoe

Two Mothers of Very Young Sons

Lady George Scott, whose son was born last month, is the wife of the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother, and sister-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester. She is Molly Bishop, the artist, and has two daughters



Tunbridge

Mrs. M. D. Lyon's second son was born on New Year's Day this year, and is called Douglas Lawson. Her husband, Lt.-Col. M. D. "Dar" Lyon, R.A., is a former Cambridge and Somerset cricketer

go off daily to their different war jobs, returning in the evening, like thousands of other young war workers, to their adopted home. This arrangement was proposed by the Queen, I understand, after Capt. Elphinstone returned to this country some little time ago from the fighting front, to take up a staff appointment in London, because of the difficulty he and his sister experienced in finding accommodation.

Her Majesty's other nephew, Captain the Master of Elphinstone, elder brother of these two, is still a prisoner of war in Germany, and, like the relatives of so many of our unfortunate lads, the Queen is wondering how he has been faring while Hitler's army and people have been fleeing before the Russian onslaughts. News came from him through Red Cross channels not long ago, and he was then in good health and spirits, but the card had, of course, taken several weeks in transit.

Debutantes of 1962?

A BEVV of baby girls who made their first appearance in the great world during the last week in January will probably be amongst some of the most important debutantes of 1962.



Mrs. George Brodrick, daughter-in-law of the Countess of Middleton, and Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall



Mrs. Charles Mills, whose house in Norfolk is now a convalescent home, and Major M. Gold



Viscount Dangan, son of Earl Cowley, with his wife, formerly the widow of F/Lt. Stephen A. Hankey

The Camera in Three Favourite London Rendezvous

Swade



Christmas in Malta

Prince William, elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, spent Christmas Day with his parents in Malta, en route for Australia. He is seen here with Miss Diana Schreiber, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Edmond Schreiber, Governor of Malta



Aberdeenshire Wedding for Lt.-Col. the Hon. R. and Mrs. Phillimore

Pipe-Major Peter Cruickshank played the bride and bridegroom from St. Devenick's Church, Bieldside, after their wedding. Lt.-Col. the Hon. Robert Phillimore, R.E., is the son of Lord Phillimore and the late Hon. Mrs. Godfrey Phillimore, and his bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Farquhar Macleod, of Peterculter, Aberdeenshire

Firstly, there is the infant daughter born to the young Duchess of Norfolk. Naturally, everyone had hoped the baby would be a son and heir for our premier Duke and Duchess, but this was not to be and the baby girl will have a great welcome in the lovely nurseries at Arundel Castle, which are already occupied by her three little fair-haired sisters, the Lady Anne Howard, who is six, Lady Mary, who is four, and Lady Sarah, who is three.

The Earl and Countess of Mansfield have also welcomed another daughter. This little girl will not find such a nursery full of playmates in her Perthshire home as at Arundel, for her elder sister, Lady Malvina Murray, is now eight years old, so really schoolroom age, and their only son, Viscount Stormont, is fifteen, and at Eton. Lord and Lady Mansfield spend most of their time in Scotland, where Lady Mansfield is area organiser for the W.V.S. and president of the Black Watch Comforts Fund.

More Girls

ANOTHER birth day was that of Sir Frederick and Lady Coates's second girl, whose elder sister, Elizabeth, was born in 1941. Lady

Coates is a daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Charlton Spinks, and married Major Sir Frederick Coates in 1940. He is serving in the Royal Armoured Corps. Another mother to have a second girl is Lady d'Avigdor Goldsmid, whose baby was born in London in the last week in January. Lady d'Avigdor Goldsmid is one of Lt.-Col. Charles Nicholls' pretty daughters, and lives with her young family at Somerhill, in Kent, while her husband, Sir Henry d'Avigdor Goldsmid, is away soldiering. He has a fine military record, having been mentioned in despatches in the early part of the war, and later awarded the M.C. for bravery. Col. and Mrs. "Mike" Ansell, who already have two boys of seven and four years, are delighted at the arrival of their first daughter. Col. Ansell was badly wounded in the eyes while commanding a famous cavalry regiment in France in 1940, and was taken prisoner, but was repatriated from Germany some months ago.

Sailors' Daughters

TWO naval families have also welcomed little daughters; they were Cdre. Earl Howe and the Countess Howe, and Capt. Sir Charles and Lady

Madden. Earl Howe married Mrs. Shafto as his third wife last year. Their little girl will have the unusual experience of having both a half-nephew and half-niece older than herself, as Earl Howe has two grandchildren. His eldest girl, Lady Georgiana Kidston, has a son of seven, and his son and heir, Viscount Curzon, has a small daughter of four. The daughter born to Lady Madden is her first child. She married Capt. Sir Charles Madden, elder son of the late Sir Charles Madden, who was Admiral of the Fleet, in 1942, and lives in Sussex.

An Engagement

THE marriage of Capt. Henderson and Miss Patience "Boo" Brand will unite two very large and well-known families. Capt. Henderson is the elder son of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady Murrough Wilson, and brother of those two very pretty sisters, Susan and Rosemary Henderson, now Mrs. Pretzlik and Countess Orsich. His cousin, Lord Faringdon, is, of course, head of the Henderson family. Capt. Henderson owns the lovely Glen Almond, in Perthshire, where his bride, who is keen on all outdoor pursuits, will be able to share his

(Concluded on page 216)



Lt.-Col. Sir Joseph Napier and his wife, daughter of Major H. S. B. Surtees, of Redworth Hall, Co. Durham



The Countess of Cottenham, who with her husband was entertaining a party, sat beside her brother, the Earl of Lewes



Lt. Anthony Charles Garton and his fiancée, Miss M. I. Lockett, cousin of the well-known polo player

Pictures of People Dining at the Mirabell, Bagatelle and Ciro's

Swabe



Fir Cone and Red Prince, first and second in the Lilley Brook Handicap, take the water, with Ablington



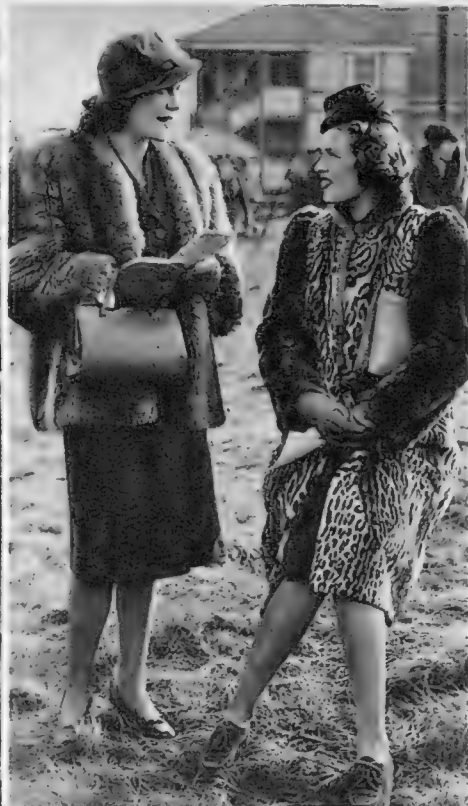
Southport leads over the first hurdle in the Northleach Handicap Hurdle, won by Kipper Kite with Nicholson up

Over the Sticks

The Second Meeting of
the Year at Cheltenham



Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke and Capt. J. M. Dennis



Mrs. Diana Smyly and Mrs. Stephen Player in the paddock



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. L. Firbank and Major C. C. Hobhouse



Five racegoers: Capt. Roger Kennaway, Major Pilkington, Mrs. Balding, Capt. Blackman and Mrs. Cameron



Mrs. W. G. Milne, Mrs. John Saleby, Mrs. Daubrey and Major Guy Gisbourne



Birchlaw, afterwards sold for 500 guineas, takes the lead from Desert Rat at the last hurdle in the Gotherington Selling Hurdle

Over the first fence in the Moreton Handicap 'Chase. The race was won by Mr. A. Watts's Luncarty

Chasing was resumed at Cheltenham on February 3, after nearly a month's break. A feature of the day's racing was the riding of H. "Frenchie" Nicholson, who had four winning mounts. His first success was in the Gotherington Selling Hurdle, on Major Holman's ten-year-old, Birchlaw, the horse being sold after the race to Mrs. V. Bruce for 500 guineas. This is one of the biggest prices ever given for the winner of a selling handicap



Mrs. B. Loder and Miss G. Loder with Col. K. Dunn



Col. Jock Atkins and his wife, Mrs. Atkins



Major J. H. Palairé and Miss Jean Palethorpe



Threesome: Mr. Lazenby, Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. Horsburgh Porter



G/Capt. and Mrs. A. A. Selway and Mrs. Gwynn Jones



Miss J. Colville with Lt. and Mrs. V. Colville

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE trusts Professor Abercrombie's restoration-plans for Bath will bring back not only the gracious Augustan air of Britain's only beautiful city, but the office of Master of Ceremonies, which should never have been allowed to lapse.

There are three historic models to draw on: Beau Nash, Samuel Derrick, and Cyrus Angelo Bantam. Nash, a Welchman and a bully, established a reign of terror and had petulant rich women and ramping duchesses eating out of his hand. His successor, the ex-actor Derrick, was a graceful, dainty little gentleman, a sweet person, pirouetting and tripping hither and thither and charming everybody. Mr. Bantam, as you observe from *Pickwick* ("Nobody's fat or old in Ba-ath, Sir!"), was the same. Of the three we personally prefer Nash. The kind of M.C. who could tear the lace apron off the Duchess of Queensberry in the Assembly Rooms and toss it airily away, saying "Only abigails wear aprons here"—and her spoiled Grace dursn't let out a single squeak—was a man worth knowing.

Footnote

NASH was the subtlest of psychologists. He knew that rich women adore being humiliated and beaten at regular intervals: it satisfies their secret yearning for penance and expiation. For the same reason they often patronise poets, artists, actors, booky boys, clowns, journalists, the scum of the populace. How do we know? A terribly

rich woman once took us up as a pet for a few weeks. The cry often went round the Savoy: "Look! wealthy Mrs. Goldenkranz, feeding Lewis and her monkey!" The monkey finally bit us and we yielded our place to a neurotic Bloomsbury poet.

Rich women—Cor, we'll tell you some day.

Guest

THOSE ghosts which, according to the Fleet Street boys, have been haunting a Scottish author—a peculiar taste, no doubt, but who are we to criticise?—seem gentle enough. Many ghosts are. The thing is, if you like them, not to fuss.

In a house we know in London is a fine XVIIIth-century Spanish arm-chair covered with contemporary leather stamped in a rich and beautiful design. From this (empty) chair, at long intervals and generally round about 9 p.m., proceed quiet, deep, regular and unmistakeable snores, lasting each time about half a minute. The invisible sleeper is probably some old *hidalgo* in black velvet and *godilla* enjoying a nap before supper. Don Xavier, or El Roncador, as this unknown guest is called, is one of the household and nobody disturbs him; moreover if spoken to he merely goes on snoring, which may be either Castilian pride or deafness. Only a mannerless fool would go poking and fussing round him anyway.



"And when he grows out of them I can always cut them down for his father"



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"I'm conducting a Government survey, to ascertain the public's reaction to Government surveys"

This kind of gentle ghost or presence—his full name incidentally is believed to be Señor Don José Francisco Xavier Maria del Pilar Ramón Miguel Luis Enrique Juan de la Cruz Gabriel del Monte de Villaclara y Ruiz, or "Pepe" to his intimates—bothers nobody and would indeed be an ornament to more luxurious apartments. Better a dead gentleman in the house than none.

Contretemps

THAT hasty removal of the body of Frederick the Great from its Potsdam shrine seems to argue that the Nazis think somebody might want to steal it. Now his chief publicity-agent, Slogger Carlyle, is dead we doubt if anybody cares.

Passing the Carlyle shrine, 24 Cheyne Row, the other day and shuddering, as ever, at the thought of what poor Mrs. C. endured within those dreadful walls, we wondered if the gift of Old Fritz's body would have brought a sunny smile for once to the craggy pan of his adorer. For apart from one major difficulty in the Carlyle ménage which we wouldn't even hint at in the memsahibs' presence, another was that the Slogger said practically nothing but "Hmphm" and hardly ever smiled. A chap once told us Tennyson tried to make him smile, or even laugh, by turning up in sporty knickerbockers and a gent's boater, with a new bicycle, but the joke fell flat. Thus:

TENNYSON: How d' you like my new bicycle, Carlyle? Bike, as we call it.

CARLYLE: Hmphm.

MRS. C.: That means: "I dare you to eat your bicycle," Alf.

TENNYSON: Not likely I won't eat my bicycle! Me eat my bicycle! Whatever next?

MRS. C.: Go on, give him a laugh for God's sake.

After some demurring Tennyson, a kind-hearted chap, began eating his bicycle. As he was gulping down the last sprocket Carlyle said "Hmphm" again and raised one eyebrow.

MRS. C.: My mistake.

TENNYSON: What's that again?

(Concluded on page 206)

Five Engagements



Miss Audrey Combe, W.R.N.S., only daughter of Lt.-Col. H. C. S. and Lady Moira Combe, of 36, Cadogan Square, S.W., and Strathconon, Ross-shire, announced her engagement in January. Her fiancé is Lt. B. Purcell, jun., U.S.A.A.F., son of Col. and Mrs. Burgo Purcell, of San Gabriel, California. Miss Combe is a granddaughter of the seventh Earl of Clonmell



Miss Judith Ebel announced her engagement in January to Major William L. P. Fisher, M.C., Royal Horse Artillery, eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. William Fisher, of Billockby Hall, Billockby, Norfolk. Miss Ebel, who is in the W.R.N.S., is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Ebel, of 156, Sloane Street, S.W.

Photographs by
Harlip, Lenare,
Yvonne Gregory
and Yevonde



Mrs. Diana Hope is the widow of F/O. Ralph Hope, and daughter of the late Mr. Henry Spring-Rice Pyper, of Belfast, and Mrs. Pyper, of Ballywilliam, Donaghadee, Co. Down. She is engaged to Lt. Prince Nicholas Galitzine, R.N.V.R., eldest son of Prince Vladimir Galitzine



Miss Margaret Jane Venetia Malcolm, 3rd Officer, W.R.N.S., elder daughter of Major Sir Michael Malcolm, Bt., Scots Guards, and the Hon. Lady Malcolm, of Milton Lodge, North Berwick, is engaged to Lt. Christopher Robert Vesey Holt, R.N.V.R., elder son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Reginald Vesey Holt



Miss Kathleen Elizabeth Farrar, M.B.E., Senior Commandant, A.A.G.B., is to marry Major Sir Gerard Fuller, Bt., The Life Guards, of Neston Park, Corsham, Wiltshire. She is the daughter of the late Sir George Farrar, Bt., D.S.O., and Lady Farrar

Standing By ...

(Continued)

MRS. C.: That first "Hmphm" meant: "You look a fearful tout in those knickerbockers, get the hell out of here before I raise half Chelsea."

This misunderstanding made Tennyson justifiably angry (adds this chap), but as he was sorry for Mrs. C. he merely shook his fist and went out, just dodging a glass case of stuffed humming-birds which the Master was reserving for his wife. Do you believe this story? What we jib at is the gent's boater, Tennyson being a friend of Queen Victoria's. You see the difficulty?

Event

THOUGH a fervent Old Barclayan, and ready to die for Mother Barclay and Six per Cent. any time except any time, we readily join in the rejoicings of all lovers of the Midland Bank at the appointment of an ex-Viceroy of India as their new Chairman.

Many of them who were expecting Lord Linlithgow to ride in on an elephant scattering cardboard sovereigns were disappointed, on City spies report. The Midland tradition is to eschew ostentation and invite just a few personal chums. At Barclay's, on such an occasion as the appointment of a new branch manager, we generally have a very quiet but very enjoyable party, with *tableaux vivants* to follow. Great fun it is when the purple velvet curtains swish apart in a blaze of light to reveal the manager posing on the dais with a big Greek vase on his shoulder, and everybody has to guess what wellknown picture it represents. *La Source* is generally correct. Last time we guessed it to be Landseer's allegory *The Triumph of Banking Over Prudery* and got a special smile from the Chairman, though of course we didn't win the new cheque-book.

Contretemps

YET another Director of Public Relations to a big Ministry has replied in the papers, frigidly concealing his own feelings,

to a citizen who had presumed to criticise his overlord.

Our information is that the public makes the Public Relations boys of Whitehall so disgusted that they are often taken ill in the middle of a conference.

"You are unwell, Narkworthy?"

"Sir, it is the public again!"

"We must be patient, Narkworthy. We must be lenient."

Here the P.R. boy, overcome by this noble condescension, allied to so many other gifts of greatness, falls down on the floor. The Minister looks perturbed, but not very.

"You are not dying, Narkworthy?"

"Oh, Sir! I would not presume to take that liberty in your presence!"

"Tut, tut, Narkworthy. Carry on."

Here the P.R. boy either dies, with a grateful look, and is removed by servants of the Ministry, or recovers and takes his place at table.

"Now, Narkworthy. How about sending the Press my photograph—the one showing me stroking my Airedale, Ponto?"

(Conference continues.)

If you think we exaggerate, we know at least one ornament of Bureaucracy who wouldn't feed the public to a rat.



"It's that Thompson boy still worshipping the ground I walk on"

Offering

SNOW in its recent large quantities has brought a new inspiration to the art world, our spies in the Dover Street and Chelsea areas report. Next summer's exhibition at Burlington House will be a White Academy, among other things.

This will especially affect those R.A.s who have been combining their work on one canvas for economy's sake, as the Government requested. Already art-lovers were looking forward to a large canvas by six R.A.s entitled: "Nude standing on Highland Cattle at Carbis Bay (moonlight) with Brig.-Gen. Bludstayne, K.C.B., looking at Fishing-Boats (St. Ives) and holding Still-Life (Apples)." Six schools of academic art in one. Adding a snow motif gives the boys something easy to lay on and adds a Whistlerish note. Maybe Fujiyama itself will appear in the background and the nude will be Japanese, with a fan or a tomahawk in the other hand. The chief difficulty in the studio, as before, will be the Brigadier, whose behaviour while balancing on the back of a few Highland cattle with a surprised nude leaves much to be desired, our spies add. War Office humour is not every girl's tea.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Safety in numbers, my foot, Major Carstairs; I'm staying put"



Bertram Park

Diplomatic Lady

Mme. Wellington Koo, Wife
of the Chinese Ambassador

Mme. Wellington Koo is one of the most decorative figures in diplomatic circles in London, where her husband has been Chinese Ambassador since 1941. The daughter of M. Oei Tiong Ham, an East India merchant, she is an accomplished linguist, speaking fluent English, French and Dutch, and has lived many years in Malaya and Java, and in France, where her husband was Minister, then Ambassador, for eleven years. Mme. Wellington Koo is Chairman of the Chinese Women's Association in London, an organisation of which Mme. Chiang Kai-shek is the President, and which has its headquarters at the Chinese Embassy

Three Generations

Evelyn Laye: Heroine
of Three Love-Stories

● *Three Waltzes* opens at the Princes Theatre on the first of next month. In it, Evelyn Laye has her first straight part—a triple role which covers three generations of one family: Victorian Katherine, ballerina at the old Alhambra; Edwardian Katie, star of Daly's; and modern Kay, film star of to-day. As the Edwardian Katie, Evelyn Laye wears a black velvet frock copied from one originally worn by Camille Clifford, the original Gibson Girl. The photograph, taken in 1904, which is reproduced on the facing page, was given by Miss Clifford to Evelyn Laye's father, Gilbert Laye, and is now one of the family's treasured possessions



Katherine Sheridan, Ballerina of the Alhambra



Katherine in Victorian Days

Photographs by Alexander Bender



Katherine and Her Lover, Richard Wessex (Esmond Knight)



Kay Sheridan, Modern Film Star

Sheridan, Star of Daly's in George Edwardes's Day



Evelyn Laye in a Frock Copied from the Old Photograph on the Left



Camille Clifford in 1904; an Original Photograph



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Replanning Expert : Professor Sir Patrick Abercrombie, M.A., F.R.I.B.A.

Sir Patrick Abercrombie has been Professor of Town Planning at University College since 1935, and was previously Professor of Civic Design at Liverpool. He is Chairman of the Greater London Planning Exhibition, which will shortly be open to the public. Consultant for the rebuilding and planning of London, Plymouth and Bath, he is also architect (with Mr. A. C. Holliday) for the new University of Ceylon. When opening an exhibition illustrating the complete scheme for the reconstruction of Bath, Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Town and Country Planning, described the plan—the work of Professor Abercrombie, Mr. John Owens (City Engineer) and Mr. H. Anthony Mealand (Town Planning Officer)—as “providing for an evolutionary programme of orderly progressive development for the next fifty years.” Professor Abercrombie, who received a knighthood in the New Year's Honours, has been asked to lecture to the troops in the Middle East. He has a great many friends, and is an extremely busy man, but says that he finds time for most forms of recreation—with the exception of athletics

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Song of Araby!

THE SINGER completely failed to "cheat" his hearers of a sigh, though most probably he "compelled" them to a tear! It is equally true to say that he caused no "rainbow visions" to rise, and there cannot have been any "sweet wonder" in their eyes, but it is certain that his audience had a lively apprehension of the "wildness" of his tales, for they had heard them all so many times before. Let us hope that they had the sense to ejaculate: "Da ist ein kolassaler Lügner!"

Pheasant Famine

A FRIEND in the West Country writes me that pheasants and partridges seem to be extinct, owing to the wholesale poaching which goes on. "The Regulars" have been heavily reinforced by the enormous number of wartime "visitors." My friend says that the whole region where he lives has been skinned, and that, worst of all, the eggs, as well as the birds, have been taken, which means, of course, no birds next season. He writes: "A connection of mine with a nice bit of shooting near M., who generally has plenty of pheasants, etc., sent me one partridge at Christmas, with apologies, saying that it was all that he could scrape up." A recent case, which resulted in the death of a well-known landowner, gave us an idea of what is going on in other parts of the country. Unfortunately, there seems to be no immediate chance of checking it, and, anyway, it seems to be a somewhat dangerous thing to attempt.

Shortage of Jumpers

PARTICULARLY of steeplechase horses! But if anyone expected any other state of affairs after four years and more of idleness, and no hunting worth talking about to help things out, he must have been a flaming optimist. How could it possibly be otherwise? Most horses, provided that they are not of the duck-hearted breed, can be taught to flick over gorse-topped hurdles without much trouble, but real fences, even those to be met with at almost all the "Park" courses, are different. It is not so much that some of these obstacles are



Fayer

To Contest Chelmsford

F/Lt. Brian C. Cook is Conservative candidate in the by-election caused by the death of Col. Macnamara. Before the war he was director of a firm of art publishers and book-sellers, and has lectured for the British Council

hardly more formidable than sheep-hurdles, but that they look different to the horse, and, incidentally, to the pilot. There is such a tremendous lot in optical illusion. It is my personal experience that it is quite as necessary to teach a horse how to look over the top, in preference to at the roots, as it is to teach the same thing to the man who rides him. Even to contemplate producing a Grand National field recruited from the horses available in England is to ask for the moon. If we run it next year, it will mean just presenting it to horses trained in Southern Ireland, who have been in first-



Vandyk

Conservative Candidate

Major Anthony Pepys, D.S.O., has been invited by Rugby Conservatives to try to recover the seat for them at the next General Election. He won the D.S.O. at Alamein, shortly afterwards losing a leg in the desert fighting

class practice all throughout these war years. I cannot name any animal now on offer in England that could have a reasonable chance over Aintree even in 1946 against anything of the Prince Regent class, or approximate thereunto. Would you feel comfortable if you had trusted your money to the aged Bogskar, Asterabad, Red Prince, Schubert, etc., if there were a ten-year-old Prince Regent or anything near his class knocking about, bearing in mind the further, and most cogent, fact that all these horses from Ireland have been having such magnificent battle training, whilst our own have had practically none? This patchy season we have endeavoured to run has not been, and cannot now be, of any use. Public practice apart, it has been next door to impossible to do any serious schooling. Home work counts for much, but it can never even approximate in value to the rough and tumble of open warfare. A horse and a man will learn more from one steeplechase than from twenty schooling gallops, even when the conditions of Horrida Bella are produced as nearly as possible. You never know what may befall in the real thing: in private the risks of a bump and a bore can be reduced to a minimum, and usually they are. It is very different when the gloves are off. A good 50 per cent. of the education of any steeplechase horse is teaching him how to look after himself in a tight corner. Our old ones

(Concluded on page 212)



Staff Officers of a Famous Fighter-Command Group

Air Vice-Marshal J. B. Cole-Hamilton, C.B., C.B.E., was in France early in the war with the Air Component, and after a hazardous escape became A.O.C., West Africa

Air-Cdre. C. A. Bouchier, C.B.E., D.F.C., the Group's senior Air Staff officer, wrote the air plan for the Allied Air Forces for D-Day, "the greatest executive plan in the history of air warfare"

G/Capt. John Cunningham, treble D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, and his navigator, S/Ldr. D. R. Ravensley, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar, the R.A.F.'s top-scoring night-fighter crew, are now officially off "ops."

S/Ldr. Tony Halliwell is in charge of the wide-scale Air-Sea Rescue operations undertaken by the squadrons of the Group, which have rescued hundreds of airmen from the "drink"



Oxford University Boat Race Crew

D. R. Stuart

Here is the Oxford crew which is to meet Cambridge at Henley on February 24. Sitting: R. T. T. Warwick (Oriel), D. J. Jamison (Magdalen; president), C. E. Tinné (coach), M. L. H. Lee (Worcester). Standing: D. B. McLroy (Hertford), D. G. Robertson-Campbell (Magdalen), J. E. von Bergen (Trinity), R. E. Ebsworth Snow (Magdalen), J. R. Carstairs (Christchurch), J. O. Carlisle (New College)



Rosslyn Park Rugger XV.

D. R. Stuart

Rosslyn Park, at the time of going to press, have won ten of their thirteen matches played this season. On ground: W. J. Smellie, Lt.-Cdr. R. Bibby, D.S.C. Sitting: S/Ldr. H. B. Toft, K. H. Chapman, J. R. Tyler, F/O. Frank Lyall (team and match secretary), K. G. D. Evans (captain), S. A. Evans, E. C. Davey. Standing: E. G. McKeown, D. L. Marriott, Lt.-Col. K. W. Jones, Lt. G. V. Frank, J. P. Doyle, I. W. G. Reynolds, B. L. Williams, H. A. Burlinson



Captured at the Sales: By "The Tout"

Mr. L. H. White has been the outstanding bidder at Tattersall's recent sales at Newmarket, where he has been buying bloodstock for the Argentine Jockey Club and has already laid out over £40,000 on their behalf. Mr. G. McElligott is one of the representatives of the British Bloodstock Association. In pre-war days, he managed for the American owner, Mr. R. H. Clark, when that owner won the Oaks in 1939 with Galatea II. George Duller, who now trains jumpers at Epsom, used to be the leading hurdle-race jockey. He partnered Tresspasser in all his Imperial Cup triumphs at Sandown Park. Mr. Peter Oldfield is a recently-repatriated prisoner of war, and Lt.-Cdr. C. G. de Lisle Bush, R.N., commands H.M. Destroyer Newmarket. Mr. Tom Peebles owns Eastgate, and trains with Vernal Hobbs and Tom Rimell. He hails from Edinburgh

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

are mostly past their best; our young ones have a very great deal yet to learn.

"Jack" Milne, M.F.H.

It is never a welcome task—to me, at any rate—to write an obituary, but it is doubly unwelcome when the subject of it is someone for whom you have had a deep regard and respect. I am certain that everyone in the Cattistock country, at any rate, will understand how this is so in the case of the Rev. E. A. Milne, who for over thirty seasons hunted that country, and during his reign bred a very fine pack of hounds. Mr. Milne's name never was "Jack," but I do not believe that anyone in the Cattistock demesne ever knew him by any other cognomen. It is not an over-statement to assert that he was as well-beloved in his own country, and also outside it, as was the late Lord Yarborough, another veteran Master, in the Brocklesby Hunt. Those who knew will appreciate how much that means. Hunting was bred into Jack Milne. When he was at Cambridge, he managed to get leave to stay up an extra term so that he could go on hunting the Trinity Beagles, a pack with which many other subsequently famous Masters of fox-hounds learnt the rudiments of the huntsman's craft. Off-hand I call to mind Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Wiggins—the Croome—and Captain T. Holland-Hibbert (now Lord Knutsford)—the Avon Vale—both of whom knew their business as well as many a first-class professional. Mr. Milne had the North Bucks Harriers for a time, but he "grew up" with the Cattistock, not one of the easiest countries in which to catch a fox. For a long time during his mastership he hunted hounds four, and sometimes five, days a week, a great strain upon even the most robust. From 1900, when he first became Master of the Cattistock, up to the end of season 1929-30, he hunted hounds on 4,659 days, killed 4,014 foxes and ran 2,056 to ground—a truly amazing record. I think the hound about which the Master most liked to talk was his Cattistock David* (1920), the Peterborough Champion of 1922. David was Belvoir both sides, and the M.F.H. told me that he considered that he was one of the best hounds to hunt a fox he had ever had though his hands. Samuel (1914), David's sire, he said was the very best. Samuel traced back in tail-male to Belvoir Dexter (1895). Mr. Milne was all for orthodoxy in hound-breeding, and any outside infusion was anathema to him. As a grand veneur in the field and a compendium of wisdom in the kennel, we have rarely seen his equal, and I am certain that now we shall never see his superior. Requiescat!

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Headquarters Staff of a R.N. Training Establishment

Sitting: Lt. W. J. Hamilton, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. (E) A. Brotherwood, R.N., Cdr. H. I. Seaman, R.N., Cdr. O. Fogg-Elliott, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. G. Buckingham, R.N.V.R., Lt. J. R. Patton, R.N.V.R. Standing: Mr. E. Wynne, gunner, R.N., Sub-Lt. V. W. Puckle, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. E. V. Creak, R.N.V.R., Mr. J. Balmain, Wt. M.A.A.R.N., Lt. P. Baxter, R.N.V.R., Lt. C. M. Chivers, R.N.V.R., Mid. S. R. Tucker, R.N.V.R.



Engineer Officers at a R.N. Air Station

D. R. Stuart

Sitting: Ty. Lt. R. M. Brown, R.C.N.V.R., Ty. Lt. (A) E. J. Jennings, R.N.V.R., Cdr. (A) A. B. Lavy, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E) H. D. Bracegirdle, R.N., Ty. Lt. (A) J. N. Williamson, R.N.V.R. Standing: Ty. Sub-Lt. (E) K. J. Baldwin, R.N.V.R., Ty. Sub-Lt. T. F. Palmquist, R.C.N.V.R., Ty. Elco Sub-Lt. E. P. Gibbs, R.N.V.R., Ty. Sub-Lts. L. A. Hales, R.N.V.R. (A) D. A. Wigg, R.N.V.R., (A) J. W. Crowter, R.N.V.R.

Right: front row: Capt. R. J. Pye, Thompson Jones, B. Brockbank, Majors L. A. Wynde, W. Manton, W. Sutcliffe, Capt. A. H. Lamb, M.C., Major L. Rogers-Jones, Lt.-Col. J. R. Williams, Capt. R. D. Green, M.C., Majors H. H. C. Lynch, F. L. Broad, M.B.E., J. H. Smith, Capt. S. Davis, G. Jones, W. A. Pilkington. Second row: Lts. J. E. Williams, G. M. Lloyd, S. Hughes, R. H. Roberts, Capt. W. G. T. Pierce, D.C.M., Lt. C. S. Topping, Capt. F. E. Burton, A. C. Imrie, G. M. Haynes, R. I. Parry, Lts. K. Ashcroft, H. T. Edwards, L. D. Smith, J. Wood, Capt. E. O. Nicholas, Lt. W. Larson, R.S.M. R. L. Williams. Third row: Lts. R. L. Hutton, E. I. Jones, B. L. Williams, A. H. Boydell, S. J. Marston, L. E. Jones, J. H. Williams, W. O. Thomas, G. Oakes, J. R. Hale, G. Fairclough, R. E. Parry, H. D. Bailey, T. J. Evans, A. Braid. Fourth row: Lts. E. A. Fleet, E. B. Roberts, H. H. Goss, N. D. Hughes, H. R. Gates, H. G. Harris-Hughes, 2nd Lt. R. E. Jones, Lt. Hughes Jones, 2nd Lt. G. W. Simpson, Lts. H. Smith, W. Williams, D. G. Williams, W. M. Wakeley, R. Jones, H. Evans. Back row: 2nd Lts. D. Jones, R. T. Davies, D. P. Roberts, T. Foster, F. W. Nosworthy, W. Humphries, H. E. Watkins, H. Evans, B. F. Harding, H. Smallwood, R. C. Jackson, H. B. P. Whitehead, A. T. Lewis, W. Davies, R. Easton



Officers of the 1st Denbighshire Battalion, Home Guard

S. J. Smart



Officers of a Battalion of the North Staffordshire Regiment

Front row: Lt. D. G. Roberts (M.O.), Majors P. B. Badger, C. C. Gargrave, C. L. Thompson, the Commanding Officer, Capt. R. G. Madocks (Adj.), Majors C. F. Bailey, M.C., Long-Price, Rev. J. Cattell. Middle row: Lt. W. Foster, Lt. R. H. E. Baker, Capt. S. R. Trigg, B. A. Crutchfield, F. E. James, R. R. Warrender, V. D. P. Bull, Lt. W. A. H. Cooke, Capt. J. P. Bolongara, Lt. C. Housson, M.C., J. B. Bloor. Back row: Lts. R. B. Black, J. B. Barry, J. P. Pattison, D. F. Ireland, M.C., W. C. Taylor, J. Thomas, A. B. Copp, W. C. Ricks, R. G. Beavis



D. R. Stuart

Staff Officers of a R.A.F. Station in Scotland

Front row: F/Lt. T. W. Newbold, S/Ldrs. J. D. Matson, A. G. Smith, A.F.C., H. F. Marcou, A.F.C., G/Capt. F. H. Coleman, D.S.O., W/Cdr. W. J. Scott, A.F.C., S/Ldr. S. G. Betty, A.F.C., D.F.M., F/Lt. E. S. Few, F/Lt. J. E. Holland. Second row: F/Lts. T. N. Cooper, G. W. Harding, B. M. Shepherd, F. L. Dodd, J. P. Kennedy, W. Dunnett, J. Burningham, J. S. Sams, K. N. Clarke. Third row: F/Lts. J. C. N. Reid, J. O. Parkinson, J. K. Carruthers, J. L. Kennedy, F/Os. M. Hicks, G. Williamson, E. D. Warwick, F/Lts. D. E. Millar, R. T. Holmes, W. M. Evans. Back row: F/O. E. Bell, A.F.C., F/Lt. E. G. Broad, F/Os. D. M. Wyllie, J. C. Edens, R. I. Beattie, P/O. A. R. Smith, F/O. T. H. Topping, F/O. T. B. Lee

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"Quality"

"COLCORTON," by Edith Pope (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is the story of a great, rotting Florida mansion, and of its inmates, the last of the Clanghearne family. Colcorton, in its pale, classical beauty, now stands like a ghost in the jungly backwoods; its windows are gone; birds fly in and out of its upper rooms. Near by are the lush marsh and the creeping bayou; not far off, surf thunders on the Florida beach. From the amenities of the town St. Augustine, from the luxury life of the visitors in the coast hotels, Colcorton might be removed by a hundred miles. All around teems Nature at her most luscious: in the house may be felt the silent work of decay.

None the less, Abby Clanghearne is the very principle of energy. We first meet Abby, broom in hand, leaping the five feet down from the front porch in the grey of an early morning before sunrise. The leap is necessary because the porch steps have been sold to pay for her brother Jared's education.

Her brother Jared said that Abby always looked as if she were going into battle and knew that the Lord was on her side. Her eyes, which were bright and black, sometimes were visionary. Spare living had tightened the flesh across chin and cheekbone, drawing the skin taut; when she smiled, which was rarely, her face took on a look of compassion, sad and heart warming; at all other times her mouth was a history of harsh opinion upheld, her jaw uncompromising.

Abby, apparently ageless as apparently sexless, is, one discovers, towards the end of her thirties. She is huntress, farmer and housewife all in one; and for twenty years she has devoted herself to the upbringing of the much younger Jared. One comes to understand why the courtship of Abby by her neighbour and ally Danny Strikeleather has been, and continues to be, in vain. She is dominated by one passion, one obsession, one—one might say—religion: family pride. Clanghearnes had been great people; they had been "quality." Is not Colcorton their monument? This stern, surviving sense of the implications of "quality" Abby will never lose, nor suffer Jared to lose.

Dark Secret

FAMILY pride can work two ways: one good, one bad. One is constantly warned in fiction against its dangers, and one meets deplorable warnings in real life. While the family remains powerful, its pride may show in acts of intolerable arrogance and inhumanity; in the pretension, apparently, to divine right. When the family goes downhill, losing wealth and power, pride may become a dangerous consoling drug, an escape from the unkind present, a pitiful fantasy.

Abby Clanghearne's family pride works the other—the good, the admirable—way. It is purged of materialism, of ostentation. She does not regret past glories—piously sweeping the hand-hewn oaken floors of Colcorton's many deserted rooms, she is contented that these should remain bare. She does not desire, any more than she hopes for, glories (in the material sense) to come. Against the world of to-day, glimpsed on her infrequent visits to St. Augustine, she bares not a single grudge. Let other people make out as they like, in their way—she is occupied in making out in her own. Her speech is the humble speech of the country; her thoughts, equally, are unformed and rough: of fine feelings she permits herself none. As far as she is concerned, the fight for existence—for the Clanghearnes are bone-poor—occupies her. Consequently, she looks to her brother Jared to keep alive the Clanghearne tradition—how? By putting to use the education that she has fought to give him, by exercise of his (as she believes) distinguished powers, by making for himself, as his ancestors made before him, an outstanding place in the world of his own day.

But Jared shares with Abby a disability she would rather die than divulge. Abby's taciturnity as to the actual details of the family history may quite soon strike the reader—as, indeed, it struck her New England guest—as odd.



Lillian Hellman, the well-known authoress and playwright, has been visiting Russia. While staying in Moscow, two of her best-known plays, "The Little Foxes" and "Watch on the Rhine," were translated into Russian and will be performed very shortly in the Soviet Union. The Russian people are great lovers of the theatre; forty theatres are now open in Moscow alone, and all of these are full to capacity night after night.

There is a skeleton in the Clanghearne cupboard. Jared, all unsuspecting, stumbles upon the skeleton. From that day, he is a broken man.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE other night I sat through a new play described on the bills outside as modern. So I made a bet with myself that there would be a great deal of free love and a lot of people living as they shouldn't and saying things they oughtn't. I won hands down. Nevertheless, had it not been for some brilliant shafts of wit, it would have been a dull story. Incidentally, just about as modern as my foot. Ladies and gentlemen have sat up in the wrong bed and tried to justify the discovery since just a little later than Adam. I can't think why they now bother to explain, except that quite a lot of people can listen to examples of the facts of life over and over again, and still either laugh self-consciously or blush becomingly. For if these facts are not reckoned funny they are regarded as a tea-party embarrassment. But modern they never are.

Life in a Super-Fortress—that's modern! So is being bombed out of bed. So is powdered egg. So are millions of men being separated from their loved ones for years, often for ever. And so is queueing-up for a bloater. But marriage, divorce, free love, and all their ecceteras are as hoary as antiquity, as old-fashioned as bombasine. So there must be some box-office magic still left in the name; like "Adults Only." So long as people can be shocked, they can be saved. Otherwise, their moral attitude is expressed by a shrug of the shoulders. And I defy anybody to do any proselytising among shrugs. It just can't be done. Look, in spite of the Ministry of Food, at the failure of Spam!

Nevertheless, I often wonder what has become of that army of the strictly conventional who used to pepper so densely portions of this English earth.

Two world wars must certainly have knocked them sideways. One simply can't be conventional in a war. All the same, neither can the conventional go all hay-wire on the instant. Somewhere there must still exist a number of elderly ladies itching to leave cards, dying to pay calls, eager to talk a lot and genteelly to say nothing; performing their social duties on the same strict formula as they perform their religious ones. But where are they now? Too old for the A.T.S. and yet not quite old enough for the undertaker. Do safe hotels house them? Or have they gone to earth in some secret shelter?

We once thought the first world war had killed them off. But it didn't. They emerged soon after it was over as delicate and prosaic as if the whole of human philosophy had not recently been shattered. They will emerge again after this war, too. Actually they are a valuable asset in the social life. They form a bulwark. Men may do what they shouldn't and women will go where they oughtn't, but, 'mid the usually resulting chaos, come weal come woe, they will insist upon changing for dinner. One day, sooner or later, they will emerge, and their condemnation of all the hoary old minor sins will send their youthful listeners in flocks to be shocked and ultimately to be disappointed at the sight of them. A shock which shocked, but never disappointed their grandmothers. On the whole, our grandmothers must have had a much more exciting moral time. We, alas! are becoming more and more bored by people, metaphorically speaking, crying Damn! in the face of the Angels and then, looking eagerly round, shouting "Did ye 'ear me, mother?"

Recovery

WHAT the skeleton is, I would not for worlds divulge. Mrs. Pope, her excellent story-telling, her power to keep the mystery in its right place, does not deserve so badly of the reviewer. When we first meet Jared, he is in excellent form: he returns from college in Alabama in a very old Ford with a very new bride. Seventeen-year-old Beth's arrival—and, still more, the fact that Jared has married at all—is a shock to which Abby adjusts herself with grim slowness; not, in fact, until after Jared's death does she take Beth, with her unborn child, to her heart.

It is not, however, Beth who is to be the serpent in this decaying Eden. That role is played by Mr. Johnson, sophisticated New England author, who, in search of refreshment and new ideas, descends upon Colcorton. It is he who, mercilessly, by a mixture of detection and intuition, arrives at the nature of the family skeleton and proposes to deliver this to the world, embodied in the forthcoming Johnson best-seller. Shall this be allowed to happen? Jared, it is true, is dead, but his young son Jad now fills Abby's hopes and heart. She has, already, much on her hands: she has for some time been gunning for LeeRoy Trasker, who brought about Jared's death in a drunken brawl. Her resolution to murder

(Concluded on page 216)

Mothers and Children



Mrs. George Best, wife of Cdr. George F. M. Best, R.N., is the elder daughter of Major J. Chadwick-Brooks, and was married in 1910. Her husband is the only son of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir Mathew Robert Best, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., and a grandson of the fifth Baron Wynford



Mrs. Rupert de Zoete is the wife of Capt. Rupert Edward de Zoete, 12th Royal Lancers, and is seen with her son, Timothy Rupert, who was born in May 1942. Mrs. de Zoete is the eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Guy Gibbs, of Acton Turville, Badminton



*Photographs by
Gilbert Adams,
Marcus Adams
and Bassano*



Mrs. Theodore D. Barclay was before her marriage Miss Anne Bennett, and is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. M. Bennett, of Hatfield. Her husband, who is a member of the banking family, farms 2000 acres at Hingham, Bury St. Edmunds, their Suffolk home. The Barclays have two children, David and Susanna



Mrs. Charles Clore is French, and was formerly Mlle. Francine Halphen. She and her three-months-old son, Alan Evelyn, were photographed at Hook End Farm, Checkendon. Mrs. Clore was awarded the Croix de Guerre as an ambulance driver for the French Army, and escaped to England in May 1942

Left: Mrs. Le' Hunt Anderson, seen with her children, Juliet and Carola, was Miss Gwendoline S. Wise, and her husband, Capt. F. Le Hunt Anderson, Royal Scots Greys, is at present in Civil Affairs. Their home is Standon Manor, near Hungerford, and during the war they are living at Standon Manor Farm. Mrs. Anderson is kept very busy running the estate for her husband

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

enjoyment of the lovely moors when peace is here again. Miss Brand, who is a daughter of the late Col. John Brand and Lady Rosabelle Brand, is a kinswoman of Viscount Hampden on her father's side, and a cousin of the Duke of Sutherland and the Earl of Rosslyn on her mother's side. Both the bride and bridegroom have done their bit to help the war effort. The bride, though hardly grown up when war broke out, volunteered as soon as she was old enough, and became a very efficient despatch-rider, and was often to be seen riding her motor-bike in the London traffic with messages from the Ministry to which she was attached. After D-Day she was one of the first girls to go over to Normandy with our forces. The bridegroom, who is in the Life Guards, has only recently returned from the Middle East, where he has been serving for three years.



Surrey Wedding

Capt. James Wilfred Winch Metcalfe, 16/5th Lancers, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Metcalfe, of Warren End, Cheam, married Miss Annette Seymour Danks, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Danks, of York Lodge, Cheam, in January

Getting Married

ANOTHER "Life Guard" getting married is Major Sir Gerard Fuller, who also went out to the Middle East with the Household Cavalry Regiment in 1941. He is marrying Miss Kathleen Farrar, daughter of the late Sir George Farrar, and a sister of Lady Watson, whose late husband, Sir Thomas Watson, was also in the Life Guards and died while serving with them in the Middle East. Miss Farrar joined the M.T.C. at the beginning of the war, and was later attached to the American Ambulance of Great Britain, and is now in charge of a large area for them. Last year she was awarded the M.B.E. for her war services. In peacetime, Miss Farrar takes a great interest in racing, and has owned several very good horses.

Gala Chinese Dinner

THE Chinese Ambassador and Madame Wellington Koo are taking a party of six to the Gala Chinese Dinner which is being held at Ciro's on Tuesday, February 27th. The Hon. Lady Cripps, the Hon. Lady Egerton and Mrs. Washington Singer are also taking parties, and several of the United Nations' Ambassadors, with their ladies, are expected to be present.

The dinner is being organised by actress Marion Gerth, in support of British United Aid to China, and in addition to dinner there is to be dancing and a cabaret, with Gerry Wilmot as compère. Various gifts will be auctioned for the benefit of the Fund; including a double magnum of champagne presented by Miss Gerth and a magnum of Fino "La Riva" sherry given by Mr. A. Cassinello.



Married in London

Lt. R. G. Ormonde Hudson, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Hudson, of Chulmleigh, Devon, and Curteen, Remyale, Co. Galway, married Miss Sylvia Mary Davenport-Price, elder daughter of Major H. Davenport-Price, M.C., J.P., and Mrs. Davenport-Price, of Abbots Morton Manor, Worcestershire, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

Mr. Johnson, though this would involve burning down Colcorton, is only abandoned, however, in favour of a better idea.

Colcorton, decidedly, has a moral. For one thing, it is an implied attack on the prejudices that made the Clanghearn secret, in the first place, such a desperate and crippling one. Also, it becomes clear that by threatening to blow the gaff, Mr. Johnson, however odious his motives, did the new generation of Clanghearnes, young Jad and his mother, a service. We last see the boy and Beth *en route*, in the ancient Ford, for New York. The future is theirs. Heroic Abby may keep, and face out, the past.

Growing Pains

E. M. ALMEDINGEN'S *Dasha* (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.) is marred, in my view, by a tiresome heroine. This young girl, growing up in Soviet Leningrad in the years preceding 1941, badly needed (I felt)



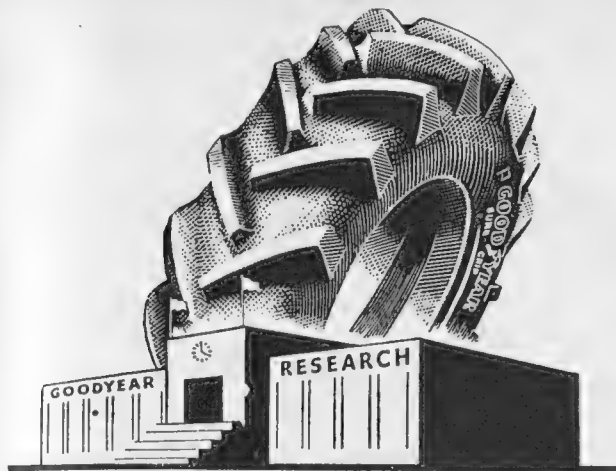
Mrs. J. B. Priestley was awarded the O.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List for services to Civil Defence. Since 1940, Mrs. Priestley has opened and personally supervised the running of seven nurseries for mothers and children under five, as well as a small hospital unit. She is seen above with one of "her babies"

suffer long disquisitions from those who lack character in the initial sense. Nothing we know of the U.S.S.R. regime suggests that ties are not in order—in fact, the contrary. Before even war made us acclaim her giant heroic qualities, Soviet Russia showed herself admirable in her regard for form, order and style. No; the matter with *Dasha* and her young friends was that they needed a few grown-ups. It must be kept in mind that *Dasha* is a "case." She is the crippled child we remember in Miss Almedingen's previous novel *Frossia*—now, after twelve years in a clinic in the Crimea, cured and returned to ordinary life. She has had—though not, be it said, enjoyed—considerable publicity as "a miracle." The solitude of her childhood, the rather special existence in the Crimea and her artistic propensities all may account for something. And the young man she loves and marries, Gleb, is a case also—a psychopathic sufferer after a childhood during the terror years. *Frossia* (heroine of the former novel) has kept in touch with *Dasha*, and is there to greet her on her return to Leningrad. *Dasha's* destination, however, is not Leningrad but the suburb Kraspole: here her mother, now married to a high-up official in the Food Office, lives in old-fashioned, bourgeois comfort.

Miss Almedingen loves beauty and writes beautifully; her pictures of Leningrad and Kraspole, and her evocations of the two atmospheres, are haunting. Her, in the main, sublime view of human beings is, also, not lost on me. All I wonder is whether her own experiences (of which we know something from her autobiography *To-morrow Will Come*) have not driven her to a too exalted acceptance of everything she describes. She seems to me to be kissing the rod of change with almost too much ardour. She allows herself (as she allows her *Dasha*) to be harshly unfair to Tania—that poor, silly, wayward typist. I myself felt that Tania, for all her trashiness, could have made a more hopeful heroine than *Dasha*. At least some of Tania's grumbles deserved attention.

Great Eaters

"THE ENGLISH AT TABLE," by John Hampson ("Britain in Pictures," Collins; 4s. 6d.) is a bracing record of our gastronomic past. Food—its raising or importation, cooking and serving, and the differing manners that accompanied its eating—has been studied in relation to English history onward from Roman days. Famous eaters, hosts and banquets all have their places. That the reader's mouth will water need not be said. Some of the illustrations—most notably "Charles II. Accepting the First Pineapple Grown in England" and "A Victorian Picnic"—are charming. And Mr. Hampson has culled from English letters the more apt or pleasing references to food.



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● A tweed top-coat of brown herringbone tweed is high-lighted with exaggerated, pointed pockets. The coat buttons snugly, is worn with a round felt hat. Stockings are of ribbed mercerised lisle. Coat, hat and stockings from Fortnum and Mason. Handbag of calf. Finnigan's. Glastonburys. Dolcis (if you are lucky)

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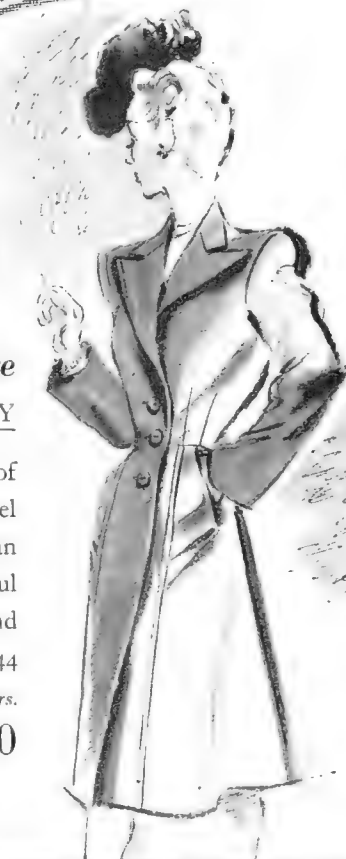
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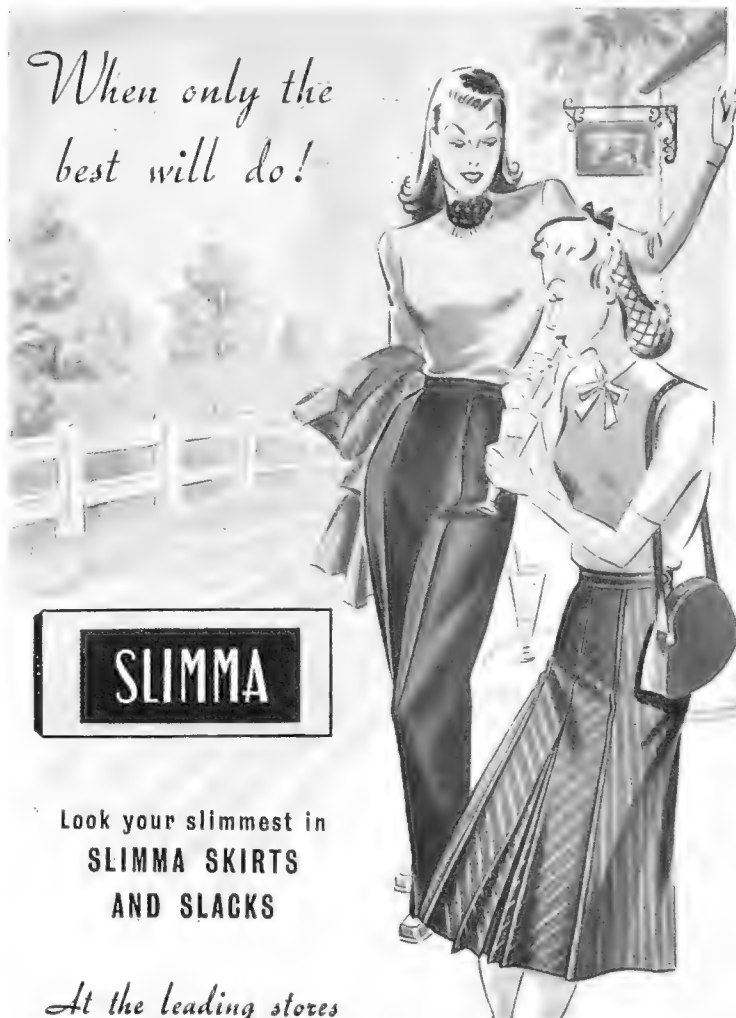
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Stories from Everywhere

MRS. SMITH and Mrs. Brown were neighbours. It was not surprising, therefore, that compliments were the order of the day.

Said Mrs. Smith, one morning: "Huh! Mrs. Brown, you've got odd stockings on!"

Mrs. Brown was, as always, equal to the occasion. Smiling her sweetest smile, she replied, loftily: "Yes, dearie, I can understand that surprisin' yer; but it's a thing wot often 'appens to ladies wot 'as more than one pair."

THE Texas-born captain of an all-Texas company in North Africa told his men:

"Our job here is to promote good neighbourliness among other things. We've got to humour the natives. If they say Africa is bigger than Texas, agree with them!"

"AND so you see, children," said the teacher, "that love is one thing you can give in abundance and still have plenty left!"

"How about measles, Miss?" asked a small boy.

THIS story was told recently by Radio Berlin—who seemed rather peeved about it.

An Allied plane was flying over Switzerland when, according to Berlin, the following radio conversation was overheard.

"Look out, you're over Switzerland," Swiss anti-aircraft gunners sent warning.

"We know," replied the plane.

"If you don't turn back, we'll shoot."

A minute later the gunners opened fire.

"Your ack-ack is about a thousand feet too low," radioed the plane.

"We know," said the Swiss.

JUDGE: "The jury have acquitted you on the charge of bigamy, you are free to leave the court and go home."

Prisoner: "Thank you, Your Honour, but I want to be on the safe side—which home?"

ABOARD the hospital ship entering New York harbour, a medical officer stopped to ask a wounded soldier whether he had any personal belongings to be carried ashore. The boy shook his head.

"You don't mean that a soldier who saw as much action as you did has no souvenirs?" exclaimed the officer. "Captain," said the soldier, "I don't have any souvenirs—because all I want of this war is just a faint recollection."

AN officer walking across the parade ground stopped a private and asked him if he had seen the sergeant-major about.

"Yes, sir," replied the private. "He's in the gym, hanging himself."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the captain, starting to run. "Didn't you cut him down?"

"No, sir—he isn't dead yet," answered the private.

"DIDN'T you see me coming up the lines?" asked the officer, angrily.

"Yes, sir," replied the recruit from the same village on his first sentry-go.

"Well, then, why didn't you call out 'Who goes there?'"

"Why, sir," came the reply in surprised tones, "I've known you since you was a kid!"



Moira Lister, a young South African actress, has been chosen to play the coveted roles of Juliet, Desdemona, Olivia and Anne Boleyn in the Festival Company Tour of the Stratford-upon-Avon Company which opened at Cambridge last week. Moira Lister first appeared on the stage at the age of six when she took part in a production of Ibsen's "Vikings of Helgeland." Since then she has had a remarkably wide experience of stage, screen and radio both in this country and in South Africa

AFTER the snow had melted the camp was completely flooded. Going his rounds just before "Lights out," the sergeant caught two of the men washing in the flood-water.

"What d'you think you fellows are doing?" he shouted to them. His loud tones brought an officer on to the scene.

"What's the trouble here, sergeant?" he asked.

"Why, these dirty beggars are washing themselves in the water they're going to sleep in!" was the reply in disgusted tones.

A CLERGYMAN at a dinner had listened to a loquacious young man who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of Species."

"I can't see," argued the young whippersnapper, "what difference it would make to me if my grandfather were an ape."

"No," commented the clergyman in dry tones. "I can't either. But I must have made a great difference to your grandmother."

AN old lag was in the dock once again for picking pockets. The magistrate addressed him sternly.

"Well! I hope you've got a good excuse for being here again," he demanded.

The pickpocket looked up.

"It's like this, yer lordship," he answered. "Me excuse this time is these 'ere utility suits; the pockets is so small that every time I put me 'and in one it gets stuck!"

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Who gaze upon her unaware."

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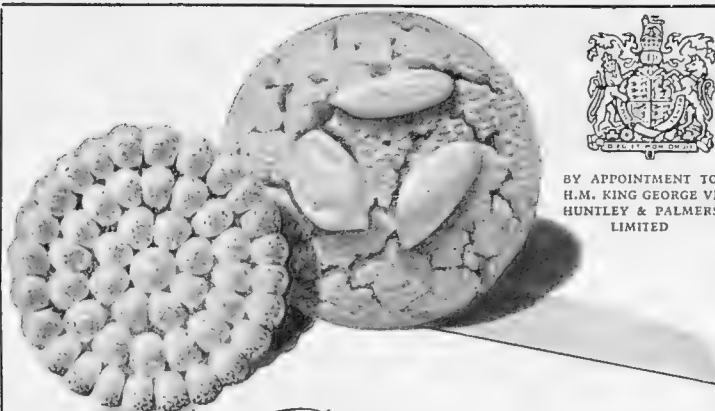


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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Flying Kites

THE idea of a flying armchair appeals to me much more than the idea of a flying carpet. And while the flying carpet has remained a myth, the flying armchair has been achieved. It is being done by the German U-boat crews and in an amazingly ingenious fashion.

I was surprised at the small amount of attention the newspapers paid to this novel device. Although its purpose is deadly serious, it is the most entertaining gadget the war has produced. It consists in a comfortable chair to the back of which is attached the rotor of an autogiro. In front of the chair is an ordinary control stick and on light booms at the back a small fin and rudder are mounted. It has no engine (a thing on which some commentators were wrong) and is simply an autogiro kite. An observer sits in the chair and grasps the controls. The relative wind, made up of the natural wind and the wind created by the movement of the submarine, turns the rotor which develops lift. A cable is let out at the end of which the autogiro kite flies. The observer can in this way scan a larger area of sea than the "ship boy" on the highest "giddy mast." He can warn the submarine of danger and he can spot suitable objectives for it.

Toy

THE whole thing folds up when it is not wanted and is then packed in a small compartment on the U-boat's deck. It has an emergency device whereby the observer can jettison his lifting rotor if he has to cut loose from the submarine and can then let out a parachute. Wing Commander R. A. C. Brie was one of the first to suggest the possibilities of the autogiro as a kind of kite. I remember his showing me, long before the war, a toy kite of this kind. It took to pieces, was easy to make and flew well in any moderate wind.

And that brings me to the future civilian possibilities of the German flying armchair. If we ever return to seaside sports of the kind that used to be popular,



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then a fortune should be waiting for the man who first puts on the market a cheap, man-lifting autogiro kite. It could be let up from an ordinary motor boat on any day when there was a moderately strong wind blowing. The amusement of flying one's kite while sitting in it would surely attract many. There would be a few crashes; but I cannot see why the sport should be more dangerous than surf riding.

Coastal

THE thing that has prompted the Germans to introduce this autogiro kite and the other cunning U-boat devices of which something has lately been said, is really Coastal Command. Coastal has been so active and so successful that the German U-boat campaign would have fizzled out completely unless they had hit upon novel means of competing with aircraft. When the full history of the war comes to be written, I believe that it will be found that the anti-submarine squadrons of Coastal Command fought their own particular battle of Britain with more than ordinary skill. Theirs is a specialist's job, and in spite of the admittedly great resourcefulness of the Germans, they have managed to keep just one step ahead all the time. But the members of those squadrons know as well as anybody that their effort must continue at full pressure right up to the coming of peace. The Germans are always trying to introduce some novelty which will again allow their U-boats to become a

serious threat to the whole Allied supply system. The point about the autogiro kite is that it gives the U-boat a range of vision far short of that of an aircraft, and that it does so at small cost in weight and paraphernalia.

Admiralty and Air

I BELIEVE, by the way, that senior officers of Coastal Command are of the opinion that the Admiralty's operational control has worked well. Some believed that it would be a failure and that naval ideas would come into conflict with air force ideas. Nothing of the kind has happened. Coastal Command under the Admiralty has been allowed to get on with its job and has been aided in all kinds of co-operative work with surface ships. The arrangement was made—at Mr. Churchill's instigation—it is usually thought—quite early in the war.

It was a measure designed to sink inter-Service rivalries and U-boats at the same time, so as to keep these islands secure, and it has proved to be a wise measure.

Anti-Shipping Strikes

A BIG part of Coastal Command's work is concerned with shipping strikes, when came the six-pounder air-borne gun and rockets are used.

I heard the other day of the method adopted to get a strike at night on German shipping. A large strike force flies out to the patrol area under cover of darkness and forms up round a circle of flame float. Night patrols are flown by flare-dropping planes and by torpedo-carrying Beaufighters.

During January, Coastal Command ship-busters made over 800 sorties and attacked 88 targets. Except for an occasional flare-up off the Dutch coast, enemy shipping is now usually found off Norway.

No facts are ever allowed to be given in the strength of the Royal Air Force Commands, but it is obvious that Coastal must now be at a numerical strength which would have seemed impossible before the war. It is an air force in itself and contains the most highly trained teams engaged on war-flying today. The Coastal team must learn together, and then work together for a long period if they are to produce the best results. It is a truly technical Command.

Haig

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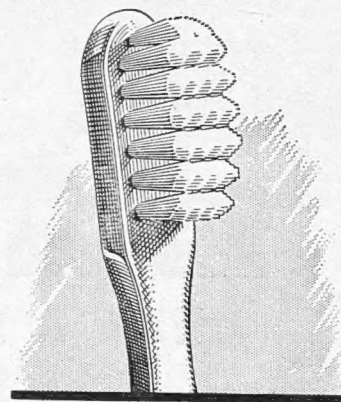
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next time

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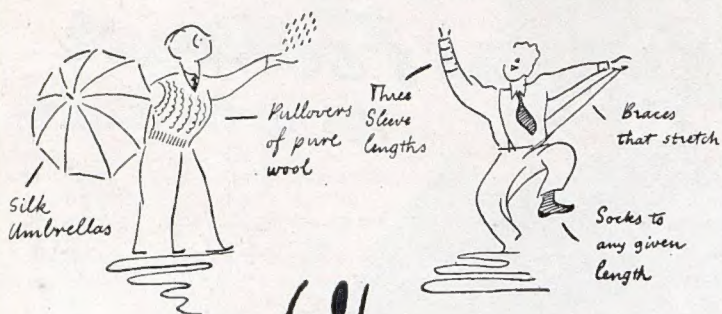
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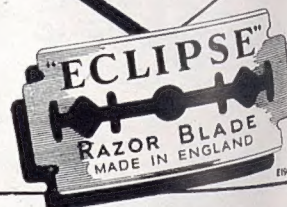
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Gentlemen, "The King"

Many and varied are the traditions surrounding the drinking of the King's health in military messes. A goodly number of regiments do not toast His Majesty: others give the toast only on guest nights. So far from implying disrespect, this omission of the toast is really a mark of honour. Time was in the turbulent days when Jacobitism was still rife, when all officers were commanded to drink the King's health. But on dining in the messes of certain regiments the earlier Georges, graciously saying that the loyalty of the assembled officers was beyond question, granted the privilege of omitting the toast.

Whether the toast is honoured or not, however, is no indication of past loyalty, but due rather to the accident of a casual visit from the monarch.

One of the most striking rituals is that of The Gloucester Regiment—the old 28th Foot. Varying the usual formula when the President rising says "Mr. Vice the King," and the Vice President responds "Gentlemen, the King," the Vice President replies "Mr. President, the King" and no-one else speaks. The origin of this custom goes back to the Peninsular war when at the end of the day's fighting only two officers remained alive to honour the toast.

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^{*} Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product—but Schweppe^s will return with victory.

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